

Rottin Razkals

"Batter Up"

Visit "[Batter Up](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

1-2-3 I'm up to bat (It's Trigger Treach)
1-2-3 I'm up to bat (The Punani Don)
1-2-3 I'm up to bat (Down with the Naughty By Nature)
1-2-3 I'm up to bat (...)

[Treach]

Feel the force of the thump funk
Freak the streets, I figure
Picture, payback ain't a bitch
It's nasty nigga named Trigger
A tisket, a tasket
Packs the ghetto bastard
All that shit sellin' like hot cakes and caskets
I'm slick, quick, flick like a photo, I'm mobile
I'll blast it, you get your ass bent like the bogle
I won't cross the street but I might
Me lay like half the way
And if the groove is far for me
I catch a cab to Calloway
The wind blew, my Buddha went to blast
But Teddy was ready with his chair
So we rolled, and he Pendergrass
That was some 19-Naughty-7 shit, right
The Rottin Raskalz' throwin jam was gonna come leavin'
Dolomite

Chorus-

1-2-3 I'm up to bat (Who's up to set it, nigga?)
1-2-3 I'm up to bat (Who's up, it's Bad Newz)
1-2-3 I'm up to bat (Headache & Bad Newz, Headache
& Bad Newz)
1-2-3 I'm up to bat (Real G's that's hard to deal with)

[Headache & Bad Newz]

Crews try to diss and get cracked like cashews
Here's a new Cruddy coalition, Headache & Bad Newz
Little fags get the dick, my clique is too thick
I'm livin' fine, with my nine on my motherfuckin' hip
Little cities get mashed out, boy, don't ever try
Down the hill is where I chill, representin' Double I
Raw clique, load up the nine and cock the chamber
back

Macs get jacked by this rough rugged maniac
My rhymes are brand made, nigga, and never artificial
Suckers battle an' I get in they ass like toilet tissue
Hit the deck, Double I is on a killin spree
If you ain't naughty you can't see me on the M-I-C
Niggas get wrecked when they step in my section
Always wreckin' reckless, so you better wear protection

Chorus-

1-2-3 I'm up to bat (Who's up..)
1-2-3 I'm up to bat (I'm livin for Double I)
1-2-3 I'm up to bat (Love Child is on deck)
1-2-3 I'm up to bat (So check it, this is the Road Dawgs)

[member of Road Dawgs]

Nigga what?

You want the most notorious kickin' Cali' killa
Like Ice-T I'm reckless
Check this, when I be flexin with the correctness
Huh, me and the Double I
I got deep down on your female
I'm gonna scoop her right
I'ma supa fly, that stay faithful
I bet you motherfucker catch a nickel plate, fool
My people sing for me to rock this
If you riff you be a myth like that lake about the Loch
Ness
Shit!
I got a tight stitch
I thank the hood, I all like this to put a hit out on the first
white bitch
A small illustration, similar to a photo
So you can see, just how it be
Since you don't know though

Chorus-

1-2-3 I'm up to bat (Trigger Slash)
1-2-3 I'm up to bat (Who's up, it's Automatic)
1-2-3 I'm up to bat (It's the Steel click)
1-2-3 I'm up to bat (Wreckin the the Steel, wreckin with
the Steel)

[Trigger Slash of Steel Handlers]

Pass me a ????? Louisville slugger
So I can get busy and blow a fuse in this motherfucker
Trigger Slash bringin wreck to the shit
With my nigga Automatic, comin' straight from the
Steel clique
You know what comes to show when I rip it raw
These Illtown ruffnecks, yeah, we got nuff props

[Automatic of Steel Handlers]
Lucky, lucky who's up next
It's the man bringin' mad wreck
??? down my mossie, you know the comp's no threat
The lunatic is deuce
There's no use, you can't compete
Check and push up if you wanna you'll be layin' in the
street
I'm fed the fuck up, bustin off until my clip's done
You're straight up dead wrong by thinkin' you won't
catch one

Chorus-

1-2-3 I'm up to bat (Who's up, it's Dies')
1-2-3 I'm up to bat (Representin Rottin Razkals)
1-2-3 I'm up to bat (And it be rottin to the core)
1-2-3 I'm up to bat (The D-i-e-s-e-l to the extreme)

[Diesel]

That's my word, you get served, doc, but as an adverb
Keep bustin' it and get you lip kicked to the curb
It's bad bandit, nigga, you just hand it to me
A whigger makin' you, won't have a chance to G
It seems to me, in this life span, no one man
Could hold me back
(A-yo, what's fuckin' with that?)
I'm skimpy like the blunt of a three-dollar bag
You fag, I leave you bloody like a pat on a rag
It don't matter, skippin steps on the ladder to the top
When I rock, blow up the spot like an explosive speed
knot
My limits has no borders
Runnin like Ricky Waters
Fuck authority, boy, we not takin orders

Chorus-

1-2-3 I'm up to bat (Fam has assembled)
1-2-3 I'm up to bat (..)
1-2-3 I'm up to bat (The name still stands as Fam)
1-2-3 I'm up to bat (Representin Rottin Razkals)

[Fam]

No styles gets phatness, just like class, you ass
Pull up a hole, you talk so much shit
Your nation be comole
So I'ma flush you like some Tiny Bowl
Step to the side and then witness a mighty role
I've been rolled in a new form of hip hop
Rip shop, reality rap stays on top
I knock your brain, to a-nother domain
It's simple and plain

You can't tame the insane
Let me reframe, or should I just tell you my damn name
Like window it's pain for any nigga comin lame

Chorus-

1-2-3 I'm up to bat

1-2-3 I'm up to bat

1-2-3 I'm up to bat

1-2-3 I'm up to bat, so pitch me, MC

Visit [Rottin Razkals](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.